

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY—

By GRANTLAND RICE & N. DING.

THIS GAUDY INSECT YOU OBSERVE —
A COMMON THING JUST NOW TO SEE —
WITH GOLDEN WINGS THAT DIP AND SWERVE
IS CALLED THE PRESIDENTIAL BEE.
THROUGH FLOWERY LANES IT TAKES ITS WAY,
AND SCANS THE POSY LADEN BUSHES
TILL PAUSING, IT, IN ECSTASY,
BACKS UP AGAINST SOME BUD AND PUSHES.

I FOLLOWED ONE THE OTHER DAY
UPON ITS GAY AND GIDDY WAY
I MARKED IT DEFTLY AS IT FLEW
FROM LEONARD WOOD TO MCADOO;
AND AS IT BUZZED INTO THEIR EARS
I SAW THEM STOP AND GIVE THREE CHEERS.
(HERE IS A POINT YOU SHOULDN'T MISS —
IT ALWAYS MAKE THEM ACT LIKE THIS.)

AND THEN IN GENTLE UNDULATIONS
AS IF, PERHAPS, A BIT PERPLEXED,
IT SOARED ABOVE THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
AND LIT ON CALVIN COOLIDGE NEXT.
AND MR. COOLIDGE, WAITING THERE,
SAID "HAVE A DRINK-AND TAKE A CHAIR".
(YOU KNOW THE SPIEL THAT STILL SURVIVES
WHEN SOME DISTINGUISHED GUEST ARRIVES.)

FROM OLD NEW ENGLAND'S ROCK-BOUND COAST
WHERE THOUSANDS SHOUTED "ATTABOY" —
IT SOUGHT A MIDDLE WESTERN HOST
AND FLUTTERED OUT TO ILLINOIS;
AND THERE IN A SELECTED TRYST
IT STUNG FRANK LOWDEN ON THE WRIST.
DID MR. LOWDEN TURN AND SWAT?
WELL, STRICTLY SPEAKING, HE DID NOT.

AND THEN, WITH AN AMAZING TANG
IT STUNG H. HOOVER ON THE THUMB.
WHILE HIRAM JOHNSON ROSE AND SANG
"O PROMISE ME" TILL HE GREW NUMB;
AND HARDING, WITH POINDEXTER, ROSE
AND HUMMED A BALLAD, BOLD AND TRUE,
ENTITLED — "TREAT ME AS A ROSE —
MY HONEYED PETALS WAIT FOR YOU."

AND MR. TAFT, WHO STOOD ABAFT,
SMILED BROADLY, AS HE ALWAYS DOES —
WHILE BAKER HELD IT BY THE WINGS
AND SAID — "I LIKE TO HEAR IT BUZZ."

FROM EAST TO WEST THEY STAND AND WAIT
EACH ENTRY WITH A QUIVERING EAR,
WITH HONEY PLANTED FOR A BAIT
IN BEE HIVES PAINTED — "WHY NOT HERE"?

THE PRESIDENTIAL BEE

